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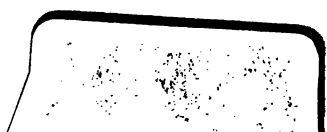
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ADDRESS

DELIVERED BEFORE THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES,

BY

RT. REV. W. M. GREEN

CHANCELLOR.

AUGUST 4TH, 1879.

WALKER, EVANS & COGSWELL,
PRINTERS,
3 Broad and 109 East Bay Streets,
CHARLESTON, S. C.

RESOLUTION OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

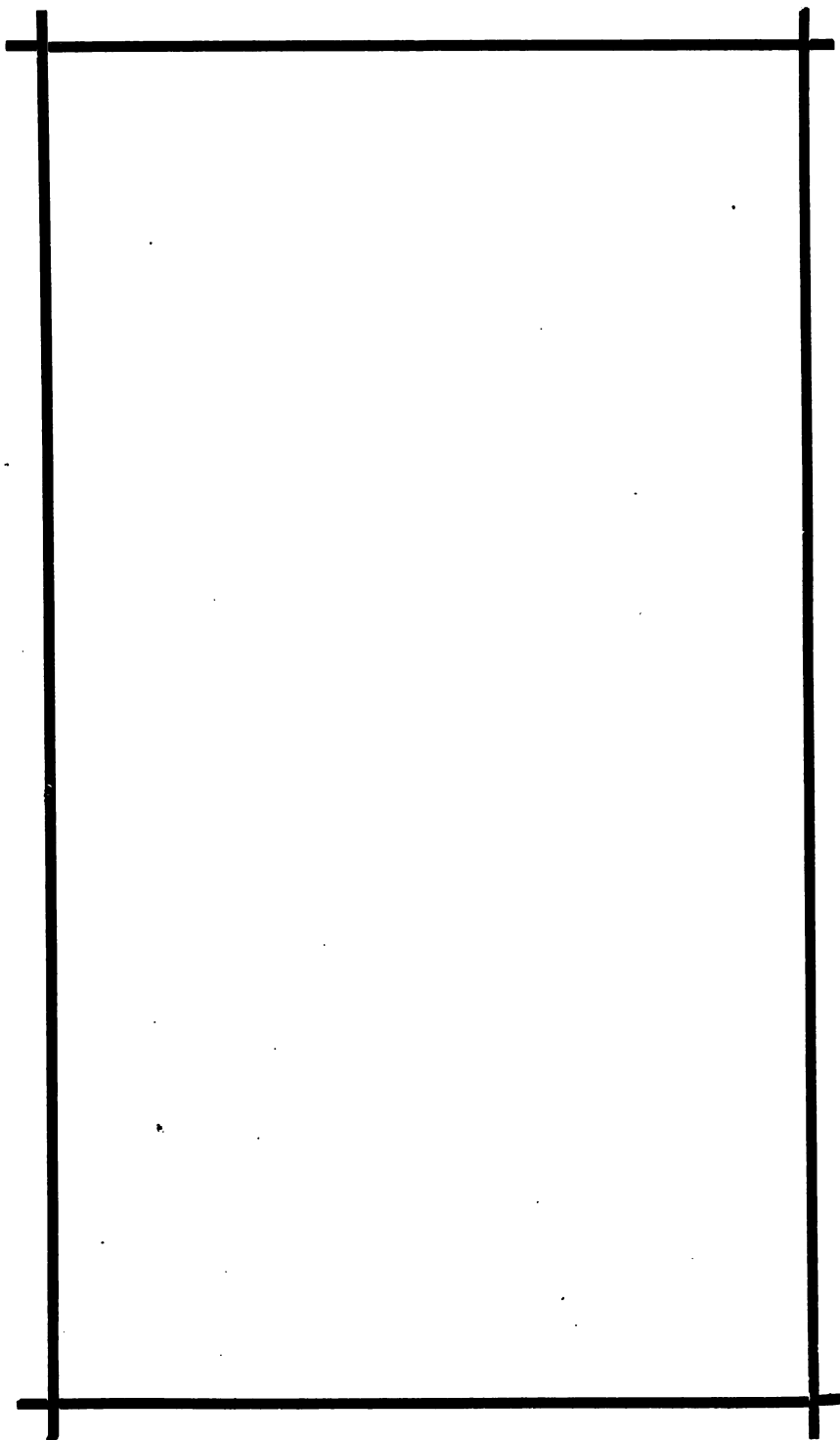
Resolved, That the Chancellor's Address, delivered this morning, be published in pamphlet form, in addition to being printed in the journal of the proceedings of this Board, and that a Committee of three be appointed to take charge of the publication of said pamphlet, determine the number of copies, and distribute the same.

COMMITTEE.

RT. REV. C. T. QUINTARD,
Bishop of Tennessee.

RT. REV. W. B. W. HOWE,
Bishop of South Carolina.

MR. C. RICHARDSON MILES,
of South Carolina.



ADDRESS.

GENTLEMEN AND FRIENDS OF THE
BOARD OF TRUSTEES:

The mercy that has spared us once more to meet together, demands a more than usual acknowledgment; inasmuch as our Academical year, now about to close, has been, to many, a year of pestilence and death.

Our mountain height, lifting us, as it does, high above the reach of all malarial and contagious disease, testifies to the eminent wisdom of those Founders of our University who placed it on this favored spot—a wisdom that will be more apparent with each revolving year. That the patriotic and unselfish labors of these wise Fathers should be held in perpetual remembrance, is the dictate of the highest reason, as well as of an affectionate heart. It has been truly said, “The world knows nothing of its

greatest men;" and we are admonished in Holy Writ, that "the righteous should be had in everlasting remembrance."

As the most worthy Chairman of our Hebdomadal Board will, in due time, lay before you a satisfactory account of the condition and prospects of our Institution, you will not, I trust, deem it inappropriate to this hour of cordial welcome, if I mingle with it some reminiscences of these ever-to-be-honored Fathers—reminiscences of thanksgiving, of pride, of gratitude, and of sadness; of thanksgiving to Him who raised them up, and fitted them for the work; of pride, in the recollection that, in the fullest sense, they were "of us;" gratitude for their labors; and sadness, at the thought that we see them no more.

If a frequent recurrence to first principles be an admitted axiom in Political Science, may we not claim a like consideration for that feeling, which looks back reverently and lovingly to the first projectors and builders of an enterprise, having for its object both the Good of Man and the Glory of God? That such was the first design, and has ever been the persistent aim of the Institution within whose walls we are assembled, it would be an act of treason, in any one of us, to deny.

With equal truth, may it be said, that to look forward with hope to the completion of any cherished enterprise, is the privilege alike of the lowest as well as the most favored of our race; but, with fond remembrance, to recall and record the struggles of those brave pioneers who opened the way to success, is the privilege only of those who are worthy to carry on their work.

"Hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

In this spirit of loving remembrance, then, (and, I will add, of strict justice, too), would I now hallow this hour, by faintly sketching the characters of that noble triumvirate, OTEY, POLK, and ELLIOTT, who, with all honor to their worthy co-laborers, may rightly be called the "CHIEF FOUNDERS" of this University.

Of the ten Bishops who, twenty-two years ago, inaugurated this grand enterprise, two only remain to tell of the bright hopes, the strong faith, the fervent prayers, and the thorough intermingling of hearts, which made that an ever-to-be-remembered hour. Those two have lived to see all those fond anticipations blighted, and the infant of a day old crushed in its cradle by the iron hand of war. Bitter thoughts would fain spring up here at the mention of those buried hopes. But, down,

down, with every unkind memory of that fratricidal strife. We will not impute to a noble and well-meaning, but mistaken foe, the barbarities of a rude and untutored soldiery. Let us, rather, bless God, that, from the ashes of those once glowing expectations, there was raked up a live coal, to rekindle, amid much darkness, the flame that first burnt upon our altar.

JAMES HERVEY OTEY, D. D., LL. D., *

The first Bishop of Tennessee, the first projector of our University, and its first Chancellor, was a man of no ordinary mould, and a truly grand Bishop. Born of a soldier of '76, reared in plenty, but no stranger to labor, he passed his earlier years, together with the saintly "COBBS," under the shadow of the "Peaks of Otter"—no inappropriate guardian of their nursery days. His appearance on entering upon college life, gave promise of that vigorous intellect, and that sturdy character, which were afterwards to distinguish him as Teacher, Preacher, and a Chief Pastor in the Church of Christ. Tall in stature, with hair black and straight, a ruddy and sun-burnt complexion, a dark, piercing eye, a striding gait, and, with little regard for either etiquette or dress, he might have been taken, by a casual observer, for a favorable specimen of the aborigines of our country. No wonder that he soon received from his college companions the *soubriquet* of "Cherokee." In addition to these distinguishing personal traits,

* Born in Liberty. Bedford Co., Virginia, on the 27th day of Jan., 1800.

he soon displayed a mind open and eager to take in all that was high or profitable in the range of literature and science. Though unambitious of college honors, he maintained, throughout his whole course, a high standing in each of his classes. The hours employed by others in acquiring the verbal niceties of their daily lessons, were spent by him in the more expansive domain of History and Philosophy. To a taste for Music, he added no small skill in its performance. Day after day, in the hours of recreation, were his fellow-students delighted with the Orphean strains of his violin. But, from this relaxing enjoyment, he could turn, without effort, to the calls of duty. From an attentive reading of the best authors, he came, while yet a "college-boy," to acquire a strength and purity of style that may be more easily praised than imitated. At his graduation, in the University of North Carolina, he was awarded the very high, and, at that time, the unprecedented distinction of "Bachelor of Belles-Lettres."

In early life he did not enjoy the advantages of the training given by our Church; but ere he had attained to man's estate, she had won his heart by the purity of her Doctrine, the sublimity of her Worship, and the unquestion-

able evidence of her Apostolic Authority. Not long after commencing the business of life, he received the sacrament of baptism, at the hands of one who had been his college companion, and who, strange to tell, after long years of separation, received from him, in return, the authority to become a Bishop in the Church of Christ. At his first entering upon the ministry, he added himself to a little band of missionaries, who were struggling to plant the Church in the, then, most unkindly soil of this present Diocese. Here, through ten years of privation, in the school-room and the pulpit, he won for himself a reputation that lifted him, through no agency of his own, or the mere solicitation of friends, to the highest office of the Priesthood.

Through evil report and through good report, in almost daily acquaintance with the "*res augusta domi*," that only dowry of the Clergy, and under more of cloud than of sunshine, this Nature's Nobleman faithfully fulfilled his high commission; until bending under the weight of growing infirmities, distressed at the sight of labors he was no longer able to perform, saddened by the calamities of a war which he zealously strove to prevent, straitened in all things but the love of all who knew him, with his home and his Diocese in the hands of an

enemy, he lay down to find, in death, a greatly desired rest.

But long before this termination of a laborious life, he saw that *religious culture* was the great want of the people of the South-West; and he was convinced that a knowledge of the Church in its Catechisms and Creeds, and its life-giving sacraments, should be taught side by side with the usual branches of both an elementary and a higher education. Accordingly, it became his privilege to be the first to call the attention of our South-Western Churchmen to the necessity of establishing such a University as this. In the year 1835, on a visitation to the Diocese of Mississippi, he suggested and recommended to one of its Conventions, that "an Institution, on a scale sufficiently enlarged to meet the wants of the South in regard to Collegiate and Theological education, should be founded and endowed." And he further expressed his belief, that even *then*, "united effort and concerted action could not fail to accomplish so desirable and so much needed an object." In the good Providence of God, he was spared to see his wise counsel adopted, in the establishment of the "*University of the South*."

The narrow limit of time appropriated to these words of welcome, will not admit of

further notice of this good man and faithful servant of Christ, except to add that the Pulpit was his fort, his home, and I may say his throne ; for there he looked the Bishop, and there he reigned, with no superior in his day.

In both spirit and action, Bishop Otey greatly resembled the great "Ravenscroft," whom he so much admired ; gentle at heart, a "very son of consolation," but, at the same time, bold, candid, unreserved, and uncompromising ; in manner, plain and unaffected, without guile or pretence, and in no wise emulous of being taken for a Chesterfield. Although a Southerner in every fibre of his body, and every chamber of his soul, yet, as a lover of peace, and, as if with prophetic foresight of its sad results, he deprecated and mourned deeply over the dissolution of our Union. He saw the deadly bolt of war covered up in the coming cloud when as yet it was no bigger than a man's hand ; and he prayed daily, but in vain, against it. When the storm came at last, the daily sight of its many-sided horrors, bore heavily on his exhausted frame ; and his last prayer for his Church and Country was offered up amid the fiercest conflicts of that fraternal strife. Thus ended a noble and laborious life : a life deserving a more full and lasting record than this simple

tribute of a friend and brother, in casting a sprig of early and long-cherished affection upon his tomb.

Let us now turn, from the contemplation of this wise projector of our University, to him, whose keen eye saw at a glance the blessing that lay wrapped up in it; and whose daring and hopeful spirit was admirably adapted to bring it into being, and impart to it the noble impulses of his own high nature.

LEONIDAS POLK, D. D.,*

The first Bishop of the South-West, was a native of North Carolina, and, like him of whom we have just spoken, the son of a Revolutionary soldier. Born to wealth and much indulgence, and, seemingly, when "Mars was in the ascendant," his boyhood was marked by a wild and reckless spirit; a spirit, however, that needed only the touch of Divine Grace to fit it, in after life, for the highest deeds of both moral and physical daring. In disposition and bearing, like another "Leonidas," he seemed "born to command." In person and appearance, tall, erect, and even majestic; with a voice loud, but not unpleasant, a quick and flashing eye, a conformation of features indicative of great versatility of talent, and untiring energy; in conversation, fluent, forcible, and attractive; courteous and chivalric at all times; with elevated aims, and a mind comprehensive and grasping, this embryo Bishop and General, seemed eminently fitted, even in youth, for the varied and widely differing duties to which he was afterwards called. Though trained by education for the life of a soldier, he enlisted, at

* Born in Raleigh, N. C., on the 10th day of April, 1806.

an early age, in the service of the Prince of Peace, and rapidly rose to the highest rank of the Ministry. And a noble worker he was. Whether on his plantation, or in his missionary rounds; whether clad in his Episcopal robes, or in the insignia of war; whether in the Pulpit, or at the head of his Division; whether in the social circle, or amid the din of battle, he was the same grand and impressive man. What he was to this University, those only can adequately tell who were privileged to labor at his side, and hear his clarion voice cheering the desponding, and inspiring all around him with his own enthusiastic spirit. Catching eagerly at the spark struck out by his beloved Brother Bishop, he fired with it the mind of a whole people. And comprehending, at once, the adaptedness of such an institution as this to the wants of the great and growing South-West, he lifted its standard on high, and invoked to its aid the wealth and intelligence of every name, but especially those of our own Church.

At his first call, his Brother Bishops hastened to put their voices and their hands to the work; and, very soon, every pledge, that could well be desired, was given for the furtherance of the undertaking. Of the dark cloud of war which soon overshadowed those bright prospects, I

have no words to utter, but those of sad and sorrowful remembrance. To the memory of those who fought and fell on both sides of that unhappy strife, I would render due honor; for, among both, were many noble spirits, conscientiously contending for what they deemed to be right, and deeply deploring the necessity which had brought them face to face as foes.

As for the grounds or causes of that disastrous and unnatural struggle, I forbear to speak. But if of one, who then sealed his love of country with his blood, our tongues should, at this time, and in this presence, be silent, the very stones around us would speak out.

That very many, among the dearest friends of Bishop Polk, doubted the necessity of his accepting a military appointment, cannot be denied; but the first man is yet to be found in our whole Southern land, or among the truly liberal of our late foes, who questions the purity of his motives, or his conscientious sense of doing what was right. In fullest sympathy with a highly excited people, he thought that he saw a political party of great power, determined to write "*Ilium fuit*" in the ashes of our Southern rights and institutions; and he trusted that, in their defence, he might, excusably, and, for a time only, exchange the pastoral staff for

the belt and sword of the soldier. In his hour of doubtfulness and hesitancy, if such he had, he seemed to hear his neighbors, and friends, and countrymen, calling to him,

“ How can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds.
For the ashes of his Fathers,
And the Temples of his Gods? ”

That call he honestly, manfully, and *fatally* obeyed. An All-wise Providence saw fit that he should atone for the error—if error it was—with his own noble blood. We do not say that it was such, but if such it was, we are sure that the Recording Angel must have sympathized with the deed, as he noted it down; and we trust that the blood of a Redeeming God has blotted it out forever.

Let others, if they will, cast a stone at the memory of this great Christian patriot; *we* will cherish it in our heart of hearts, and will inscribe it deeply on our walls, when those walls shall become worthy of such a record. And, evil be the day, when, on an occasion like the present, the Officers, and Students, and Guardians of this University shall cease to pay all honor to the memory of Leonidas Polk. “ *Pius miles, et fortis sacerdos.* ”

We turn now to the third venerated name that helps to hallow the exercises of this hour.

STEPHEN ELLIOTT, D. D., LL. D., *

by his very birth, gave honor to the State which already stood high among her sisters of the South. As the first Bishop of Georgia, the least that can be said of him is, that he nobly fulfilled every requirement of that highest of all trusts. Of his early years it may emphatically be said, that he was trained in the "school of honor." Of his lineage, we can truly say, in the language of England's Dramatist, it was a "happy breed of men;" or, in the words of another,

"His tribe was God Almighty's GENTLEMEN."

Like his honored father, whose name he bore, he was born to a love of Letters, and for the adornment of social life. On his entrance upon manhood, he chose the Law as his Profession; and was fast advancing to its highest honors, when he felt himself called to a still higher ministry in the Church of Christ.

Of his faithfulness and acceptability, both as Presbyter and Bishop, it would be needless for

* Born at Beaufort, S. C., on the 31st day of August, 1806.

me to speak, as there are many present who have seen him in the exercise of his sacred office—so humble and devout in prayer, so simple, yet so grand, in the Pulpit, so impressive in administering the Ordinances. Of his sermons, nothing less can be said, than that they were "*The Word of God preached*;" in style, pure, ornate, chaste, and symmetrical, as from the hand of Apelles, but warm with a life breathed into them by the Spirit of God.

In form and feature, Bishop Elliott was, both physically and intellectually, cast in one of Nature's first and amplest moulds. Possessed of a sensitive delicacy, he seemed born to be a Leader in the walks of Literary and Social life, as clearly as his predecessor was made for the exigencies of a people "coming to the birth." With an elevated soul, and a mind vigorous, comprehensive, and rich in both Art and Nature's wealth, he possessed the power of extracting from every object a something sweet or beautiful, which straightway took its place among the furniture of his well-stored and well-ordered memory.

In disposition, he was bouyant and happy; with a sympathy strong, pure and ardent, a winning courtesy, and a benignity that loved to stoop to the lowest, without seeming to stoop.

In hours of relaxation, he was a very child among children; while in the highest Councils of the Church, there were none too high to withhold their reverence. While thus giving play to the promptings of a kind and gentle nature, it was hard in those who saw it, to repress the thought, "How awful Goodness" is!

To this native power of winning hearts, was added a mild dignity of manner, or, rather, an unconscious majesty. In his presence, one felt himself "in an atmosphere of purity, and face to face with a deep spiritual life." A quiet and gracious pleasantry gave a joyous zest to conversation; and his daily intercourse with his friends was made up of "those nameless graces which no art can teach."

To these, we may further add an exquisite tact, a wonderful self-possession, and a moderation or hatred of extremes, a virtue of too rare occurrence, but indispensable in such times of excitement as made up the later period of his life. It was this power over self which gave to his whole character the idea of "strength in repose;" of the lightning fire hiding in the beautiful cloud; of the giant power of steam undeveloped in the rain drop. Bishop Elliott was no dabbler in Politics; but, with the keen and thoughtful gaze of the Chris-

tian Patriot, he could see afar, and not unmoved, the storm that was about to break upon his beloved South. By nature, as well as from a careful training, he was moderate and conservative in all his views. No man ever held in greater scorn the fetters of a party. He thought for himself; he followed no Leader; he waited for no companionship; and would have stood forth *alone*, had none gone with him, as a hearty "states-rights-man." But then, this was, in him, not that selfish or sectional feeling that would exalt the will or the welfare of a single State over that of the United Government; but that justifiable and constraining sense of duty, which makes every honest man and father prompt to challenge the first foot that would intrude itself upon the quiet of his home. He believed that the strongest guaranty of the welfare and prosperity of the General Government was to be found in the just and generous pride of every citizen in his own individual State. Such, and such only, was the "Head and Front of his offending."

His grief at the failure of our cause, the apparent destruction of our University, and the utter impoverishment of our people, though felt in the lowest seat of life, was vented in no childish complainings. The blow came upon

him as the unlooked-for bolt of Heaven descends on some giant oak of the forest, whose branches may apparently be unbroken, and whose foliage for a time retain its verdure ; but which, in the succeeding Spring, when each neighboring tree is putting on its robes of green, feels that its life-sap is never to flow again. Even so came the issue of that momentous strife upon the heart of Bishop Elliott. He went, in and out, among friends and family, with his wonted complacency, and no eye could detect any diminution in the labors of his Holy Office. But unseen, even by himself, the end of trial and of labor had come. "The Faith" had been "kept," the "Fight" fought; the "course" was now "finished." In an unlooked for, but not unprepared nor undesired moment,

God's finger touched him, and he slept."

In attempting to portray this lovely character, I should not omit to notice that amiable element which, next to his devotion to family and friends, amounted in him to what might well be termed "*a passion*;" I mean that love of Nature, and of the Sciences, which lead to a knowledge of the minutest, as well as the grandest, of Nature's works. This feeling was in him no unreasoning sentiment, no transient

emotion, but a constraining and abiding *love*. In the humblest floweret, the rudest mineral, the slowly-creeping snail, the insect of an hour, he saw enough to draw out his soul in admiration and praise of the hand that formed them; and, with true filial love, he delighted to say, "My Father made them all."

The influence of such a character could not but be felt wherever he moved. Whether in his own Diocesan Conventions, in the highest Councils of the Confederate Church, or in the United House of Bishops, he was the same grand man; made not to prevail by force of authority, but gently to lead the minds of others into unison with his own. The heart of your speaker has glowed with pride, as a Southerner, at seeing, whenever he rose in the House of Bishops, the deep attention awakened at the first sound of his voice, and the ready deference that was paid to his judgment.

Such was the life and character of this Scholar, Patriot, Christian; a life beautifully founded, symmetrical, harmonious, well-balanced; a polished globe, turned, first, in Nature's lathe, then smoothed and refined by the nicest touch of Art.

And such was the zealous Master-workman raised up of God to clasp hands with Otey and

Polk in the founding and reviving of this University. Though, for a short time only, spared to be its Chancellor, he was, from its first inception, its most ardent and active promoter. He saw in it, at a glance, a grand lever to lift our people to a high intellectual culture, and to a right knowledge of their duty to God; and, with an undoubting confidence, pronounced it a work "founded on the Rock of Ages, and only to pass away with the everlasting hills."

After this brief and imperfect sketch of this greater than Rome's boasted Triumvirate, how plain is to be seen the wisdom and goodness of that Hand which raised them up, successively, to their great work; the one, with a far-seeing wisdom, to conceive and project; another, with resistless energy, to undertake; a third, to counsel, refine, and complete.

Whatever may have been the respective infirmities of these "Men of God," He, only, who made them, can tell. Their record is on high, and their spirits are now awaiting together their great and final reward. If those spirits are ever permitted to revisit the earth; and if they be now present with us—who can disprove it?—who dare call them *dead*?—

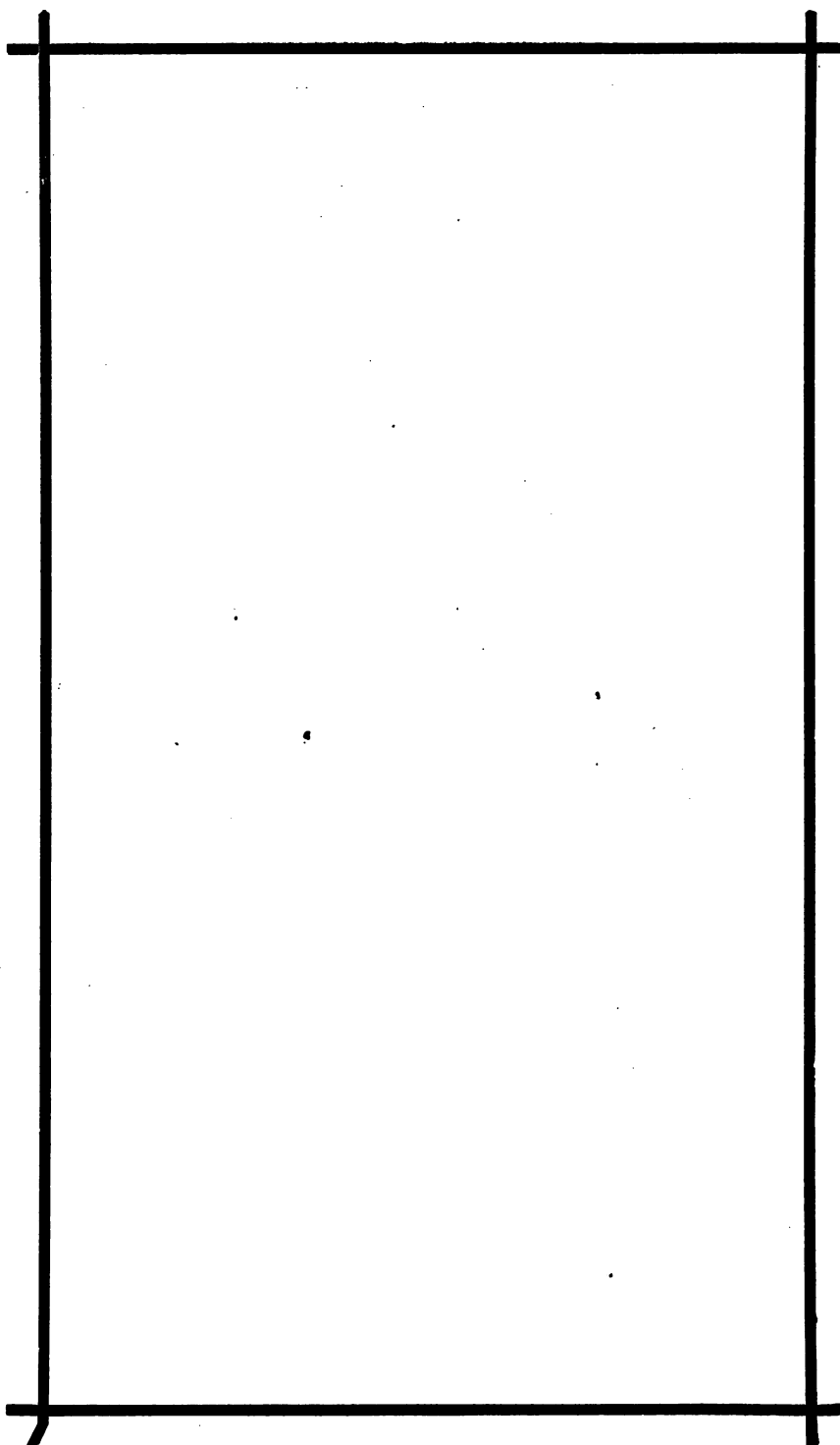
"To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die."—

if, unseen, they hear my voice, may they accept this humble tribute from one who knew them ; not from the report of others, but from years of intimate and loving communion ; heart to heart, and hand to hand, in labors for the Church, and for this child of their faith and their prayers.

Young men, students of this University, it is with no light intent that I have brought before your view the characters of these noble Founders of our Institution. They are held up for your imitation, as well as your reverential regard. They were, once, like you, beginners in the way of life ; but they were no "idlers by the way," no murderers of their opportunities. They did not give to thoughtless sport the hours allowed of God for preparing themselves for the Battle of Life. And you, this day, see, in all these surroundings, the fruit of their labors, and the heartfelt tribute paid to their memory. Learn, then, like them, to aim high, to walk in none but Honor's path, to make self subservient to the general good, to fear God, and to do your duty in that state of life unto which it shall please Him to call you. If the question were asked, How shall our Southern people regain and retain the prestige or high character conceded to them before our late disastrous

war, what better restoration can be applied than the daily study of such characters as have, this day, passed in review before us. Their names are among our proudest and richest inheritances.

Let us all be thankful for their bright examples. And let us pledge ourselves, the one to the other, that the "live coal," which they raked up from our past ashes, shall, with the help of God, not only live, but kindle and glow, until, with its Electric light, it shall have shown to many generations of our sons the way to true knowledge and to God.



NOTE.

The following touching incident has been related to the writer by Bishop Quintard, then a Chaplain in the Confederate Army, who was often and closely associated with Bishop Polk while in the army:

The day after the battle of Perryville, Ky., the Confederate forces fell back to Bardstown. I was with General Polk on the march, and shortly after reaching Bardstown, he came to me and said, "I would very much like to go to the Church with you." It was a beautiful little House of Prayer, standing in a retired spot, and so still and quiet, that it seemed the very abode of Peace. I obtained the key, and as the General entered the Church with me, I saw that he was greatly moved by the air of calm, quiet sanctity, which pervaded the Holy Place—so different from the noise and heat of the battle field of the day before. He threw his arm around my neck and said, "Oh, for the blessed days when we used to go to an Altar of God in joy and peace! Can't we have prayers here?" I at once vested myself in surplice and stole, and entered the Chancel. He knelt at

the Chancel rail. I began the service with the first petitions from the Litany, and, after using suitable collects, and prayers, and thanksgiving, I stood before him, and placing my hands upon his head, pronounced a benediction—
“Unto God's gracious mercy and protection we commit thee. The Lord bless thee and keep thee. The Lord make His face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto thee. The Lord lift up His countenance upon thee, and give thee peace, both now and evermore. Amen.”
As I concluded the words of blessing, the great and good man bowed upon the Chancel rail and wept, as a child weeps upon its mother's breast.

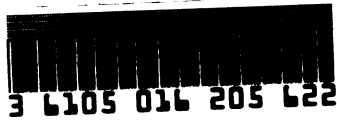
NOTE.

But the good name of Bishop Elliott is not thus to die. Already has one of his sons caught up his falling mantle; and by his zeal for advancement of the University, as well as by his labors on our frontier settlements, proved that "The spirit of Elijah doth rest on Elisha."

Another strong impress of his race stands prominent among the zealous Instructors and Upholders of our Institution; and is fast winning for himself a brighter and a broader name in the highest walks of both Medical and Physical Science.

While yet another, sheltered by the same roof, is, by her magic pen, giving to Fiction a new and unheard of charm, skilfully and strangely interwoven of the cunning inventions of a chaste imagination, and the sternest teachings of Philosophy and Religion.

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